THE STATE SENTINEL
--Weekly--

Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St., Second Block North of Washington.

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TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to *in all cases.*

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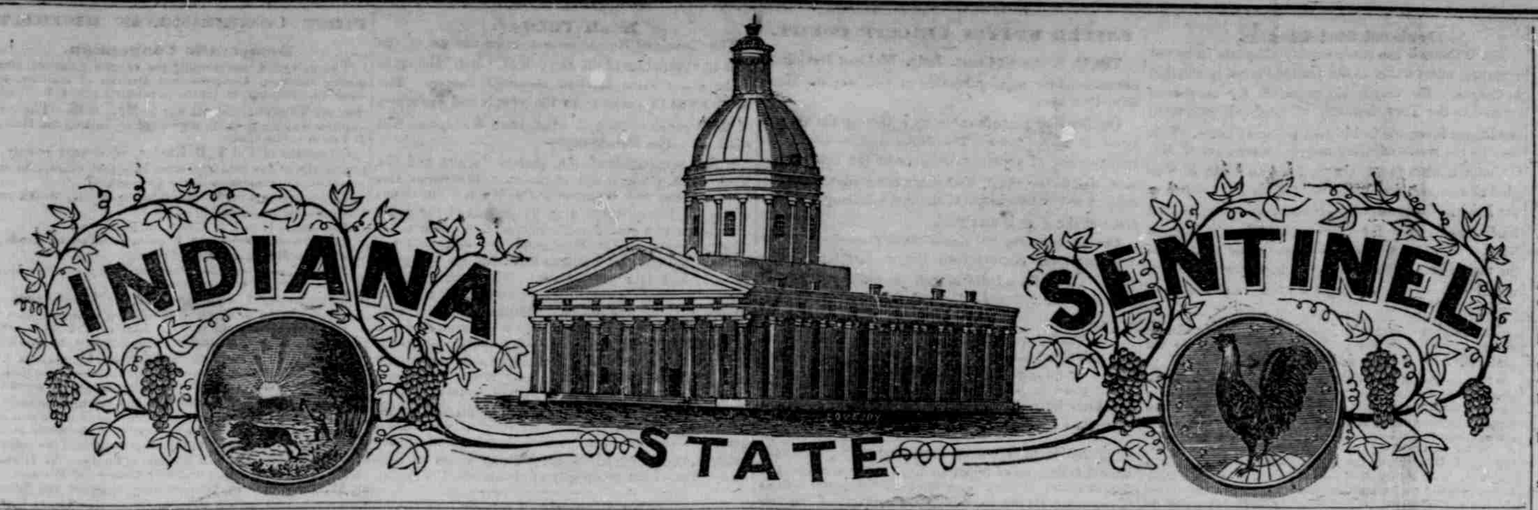

BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN. INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 22, 1845. Volume IV....Number 48.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES
and Measures.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.

No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connection between the government and banks.

A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from a paper credit system.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

From the Indiana State Journal of May 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDIANA STATE JOURNAL.

Sir: I have just received your paper of the 22d inst., in which you take exception to an editorial in the New York Sun of the 4th inst., which editorial, alluding to a communication on our public debt published by me in that paper a day or two before, says, that I "strenuously and uniformly opposed the ill-digested and reckless system which has overwhelmed Indiana in so grievious a burden of debt;" that I was "considered the leader of the opposition" to that system; and, further, that I "was the author and introducer of the bill which finally arrested its progress."

This, you say, is not true; and, you add, "as it appeared in the same paper that published a communication from Mr. Owen on the State debt, it would not be unreasonable to infer, that it met his approbation."

Though I am, in no sense, responsible for this editorial, the substance of which, from the wording, seems to have been gathered from some cotemporary, yet your inference is so far just that I was in New York at the time, saw and read the article soon after it appeared; and, had it been substantially inaccurate, it was my duty as an honest man, to publish a disclaimer, which I did not do.

I am sorry this matter has come up, in this connexion. I purposely avoided, in my communication, all allusion to my own course, that unimportant personalities might not be introduced to embarrass a question so vital as this, touching the redemption of our State credit. But, since you have thought it worth while to assert, that I was a strenuous supporter, rather than opponent, of our Internal Improvement system; and since, if this were true, I am placed in the situation of permitting, and my friends who may have copied the paragraph, of claiming, credit which belongs not to me at all, I trust I shall not be chargeable with egotism, if I offer a few words in reply.

I say, then, that, in substance, the Sun paragraph is strictly true. As to being "the *leader* of the opposition," it is not for me to make any such assertion; that is a matter of opinion; but I have been so often taunted as such, in days when the anti-internal improvement men stood in a hopeless minority, that I suppose if I get a trifle of credit for it now, it is but a fair equivalent for a little of the abuse I encountered then.

What was meant, during the three sessions that I served in the Legislature by the terms "anti-internal improvement men," "anti-system men," and similar epithets? If you are in the least familiar with the legislative history of that period, you know, that these and all similar terms meant, in the universal parlance of the day, "classifiers;" that is, men who desired to classify the public works; to take up one or two of these only at a time and drop all the rest, until we should see how these first succeeded. Afterwards, when it became evident, that classification, strictly so called, could not be carried, the term "modifier" was substituted; applying to those who sought to check the system; to modify its plan of management; to curtail the annual expenditure; to cut down the board of Internal Improvement; and to arrest the operations on the more hopeless works. This was finally effected by the so-called "Modification bill;" of which, by and by.

There was not to be found in the Legislature, at the time I obtained a seat there, one single individual, who proposed, or who thought it practicable, to repeal the entire system. By the "Mammoth Bill," passed, as you admit, before I was a member, the system was considered to be irrevocably fastened upon us. We all submitted to this necessity. We thought only of restricting its growth and lessening its burdens. There were, then, but two parties in the Legislature; "System men" and "classifiers." A member had to belong to one or other of these two parties; or supposing him to have proposed entire repeal, he would have stood "solitary and alone," a party all to himself. The classifiers were universally termed and held to be, by friends and foes, anti-system men; opponents of internal improvement. They were, in our Legislature at least, its *only* opponents. Had their plan succeeded, it would not, indeed, have destroyed the system; it would not have averted all the evil that has fallen upon us; it would not have wholly saved the State from the burden of debt; but, in its practical effects, it would have arrested, probably, three-fourths of the works; it would have kept back, and thereby ultimately saved, three-fourths of the expenditure; that which it commenced it would have completed, so that revenue would have been, at this day, derived from it. In a word, it would, in all human probability, by wholly changing the headlong course of policy which the internal improvement men had adopted, have preserved, untouched even by suspicion, the fair fame and credit of our State.

One who, from first to last, perseveringly advocated the policy of classification, may, then, in the very strictest sense of the expression, be called a "strenuous and uniform opposer of the ill-digested and reckless system, which has overwhelmed Indiana with so grievous a burden of debt."

And such I was. The very first classification resolution ever introduced into our House of Representatives bears date the 19th of January 1837; that was during my first session. It was proposed by Joseph A. Wright, a member of the late Congress. I refer you to the vote upon it in our House Journal for 1836—7, at page 292. The vote stood 63 to 29. And, in that small minority of twenty-nine, you will find my vote recorded.

At the next session the proposal to classify was renewed by a member from Wayne county. Allow me, in illustration of the stand taken by myself and other classifiers, to quote a few words from my remarks on a motion to lay that proposal, on the table, as I cut them from a file of the Indiana Democrat, of December 1837. After expressing the opinion, that we could not now destroy the system, without ruin, or something like it, to Indiana; and that the question was, how we should go on, whether with prudent and cautious, or with rash and headlong step; I added:

"It is a weighty matter, surely, sir; a matter worthy of all the care and thought and calculation we can bestow upon it; a matter in deciding which no local or sectional feelings should find a place or an influence. To me, sir, to every man among us, who, like myself, expects to live and die in Indiana, and who hopes to see his children grow up citizens of the State—to each and all of us who may be thus situated, it is a question involving our dearest interests, how we shall proceed with the Great System. Who, sir, can look on with indifference, and know, that questions are agitated, on the decision of which may depend, whether his children shall pay the government a tax almost equal to the income of the property they own,—whether on their own farms they shall live, as it were, but as renters—or whether they shall enjoy the prosperity in which we ourselves still rejoice! Are we sure, that such a question is not involved in the mode of conducting, for the future, our system of Internal Improvement; yes, in the discussion of the very proposal regarding CLASSIFICATION, which, by this motion to lay on the table, it is now proposed unhesitatingly to thrust aside, as a subject too frivolous even to merit inquiry."

At this session, also, I introduced a bill which changed the character of the Madison railroad between Indianapolis and Lafayette to a Macadamized road, and provided for a single instead of a double track between Madison and Indianapolis. This bill became a law. Though making but a slight change, it is worthy of mention, as being the very first breach ever made on the integrity of the original system. In my remarks on the engrossment of this bill (for which see the files of the Democrat for February, 1838) you will find the following paragraphs; which define, distinctly enough, the position of the opponents of the system; and exhibit also the taunts with which they were assailed:

"It is too late to talk about receding now. That was the question before you, sir, and those who served with you, in the session of 1835—6. You assumed the responsibility; you decided that question: be your decision for good or evil, it is made, and cannot be recalled. We have put our hands to the plough, and may not look back. We have spent, not thousands, not hundreds of thousands—we have spent MILLIONS already. The system is fastened upon us, in spite of ourselves. You remember, perhaps, the old story of Sinbad the sailor; how, deceived by his humanity, he took a deformed old wretch upon his back; how the creature twined its legs around its victim, and when the luckless sailor sought to cast it off, clutched him by the throat, till he was fain to desist; and how, at last, he freed himself from this strange load by giving the old fellow an extra cup of wine. Sir, Sinbad's case is ours; with this difference, that we cannot rid ourselves of the burden by administering an intoxicating draught; and, further, that if we do not let the old man get the upper hand of us, we may chance, after carrying him about a few years, to make him a good, profitable servant at last.

"The day of nullification, then, is gone by; but are the days of prudence and forethought past also? Is there manliness—is there common sense, in saying, that we will shut our eyes on the prospect before us? Are the breakers ahead so frightful, that we will not even look upon them. Shall the vessel of State drift on, her helm deserted, her crew below in the cabin, listless, improvident; eating and drinking, even if to-morrow they die?

"And when some among us undertake the laborious task of examining our present condition, of estimating our probable expenditure, of calculating our future resources, it is somewhat too much that those who, meanwhile, have sat with folded hands, and shrunk from the labor of such inquiries—it is somewhat too much, I say, that they should now taunt us, as they have, with the epithets of "croakers, prophets of evil, birds of ill omen, overshadowing, with raven wing, the bright prospects of the future." (These were the expressions applied, by Lane of Montgomery, to me.) We have not, as we very justly might, accused them of indolence and indifference. We have but fulfilled a duty which they have neglected; and they, of all others, should refrain from blaming us on that account."

At the close of the same session a meeting of the classifiers, or modifiers, as they were then beginning to be termed, of both branches, was called; and I was appointed chairman to prepare an address on the subject to the people of the State. I wrote the address. It was unanimously adopted, and signed by 48 members. You will find it in the Indiana Democrat of February 23, 1838. It reiterated the same opinions already given.

At last, during the third and concluding session of my service in the State Legislature, the modification party, after a severe struggle, obtained a majority; and ultimately succeeded in carrying the well known "Modification Bill;" a bill re-organizing the entire system, re-modelling and reducing the board, restricting the annual expenditure, and providing for the transfer of lettings from unpromising works. This bill was drafted and introduced by me; and became a law with very slight amendments on the original draft. You will find the remarks on its engrossment by consulting the files of the Democrat for January 1839. I have these remarks now before me. They commence thus:

"It behooves any one who proposes a change so radical and important as that incorporated in the bill which I have introduced into the House, to offer very good and sufficient reason for that change."

I then proceeded to review the condition and future pecuniary prospects of the State, showing the burdens that awaited us, and the dangers in which we stood; and said, in conclusion:

"Sir, I have done. If, unwittingly, I have colored too highly the picture of our present situation; if I have erred in estimating the amount of our future burdens; if I have too anxiously anticipated the difficulties that be before us; if I have confided too little in the growing resources of the State; at the least, no one will rejoice more than myself to be pointed to my error; or to be taught by experience, that my fears were groundless and my warnings out of place."

The bill in question was the first that ever "arrested the progress of the System;" and the editor of the Sun stated but that which the journals and debates of our House record, when he said that I was its author and introducer.

To rebut all this evidence, that, in the various plans to arrest and alter the "ill-digested and reckless system," which has brought Indiana to her present condition, I took an active part, what do you oppose? The fact, that, during my first session, I approved and voted for what was usually called the "calf bill;" a bill, that would have added two millions to the system; and that I then expressed the opinion, that such an addition might be made, without endangering the credit of the State.

In the first place, I reply, that this accusation against me is an accusation equally against every classifier then in our Legislature; every one of them having voted for the bill in question. If, for this vote, I am to be set down as a friend of our Internal Improvement System, there was not a member, in either branch, who was its opponent.

But, in defence of the classifiers and in my own, I remind you, that, at that time, the friends of the system constantly asserted, and its opponents took it for granted, that it was to cost but *ten* millions of dollars. We supposed, that, in adding *two*, we were but making it *twelve*. All our calculations were founded upon that erroneous supposition. Upon it alone was based the opinion expressed by me in advocating the "calf bill," and quoted by you against me, that we need not anticipate serious difficulty. So soon as I discovered that we had been misled, and ascertained what the cost of the proposed works actually was, that opinion was immediately changed; and the opposite opinion again and again expressed, as those who served with me in the Legislature well know. And if you still put it forth as just cause of accusation against me, that I did not earlier probe this matter to the bottom, my reply is, that when, at the next session, I collected and laid before the House official documents, then first brought together, showing that the probable cost of the system would be double what had been first asserted, so new and startling were these truths to most of my colleagues in the Legislature, that hardly a member would believe I was not grossly exaggerating, or had not wholly erred in my calculations; and it was not until these were backed by a subsequent report of the Chief Engineer, that they obtained full credence.

It must be remembered also, that most of those who voted for the "calf bill,"—I for one—voted also, at the very same session, for classification; and had the works been classified and that bill passed, no evil, in practice, could have resulted from the addition. The added works would, doubtless, have been placed in a remote class; the expediency of commencing which would have been a question for our descendants to determine. It was generally supposed, also, that the passage of the "calf bill" would compel classification: and that, in all probability, would, in effect, have been its consequence. If so, how much of good to the State might have sprung from that bill!

Beyond all this, it must be admitted, we then employed the argument, the great injustice of a system of Internal Improvement was, the unequal advantages it bestowed on particular sections; and that the State would better and more cheerfully bear a system costing twelve millions and satifying all sections, than a partial system costing ten. And I am free to confess that, with my present experience, I think that argument a faulty one. No system of Internal Improvement can satisfy a whole State; and that is one chief reason why a State should not engage in any such. But, in justice to myself and to those who voted as I did, it is proper to say, that we offered, at that very time, to give up all claims to any works for our own sections of country, if the Internal Improvement party would but cut down their system to one half its dimensions. And this brings me to speak of the extract from a speech of mine, as given by you, and purporting to be from the Indiana Journal of December 27, 1836.

No such consecutive extract occurs in any speech of mine. No such extracts, even disjointed, can all have been copied from the Indiana Journal of Dec. 27. For they are not only cut off, so as to garble and destroy the sense, but are actually from two different speeches; both of which, I know, never appeared in any paper. The two first paragraphs occur near the beginning of one speech; the six next lines near the end of that speech; the eight lines following are from another speech altogether, and the two concluding paragraphs are still from a different part of that other speech. And yet, these are all strung together by you without asterisk or any other indication that they are not an extract cut fairly from a single speech.

But this is the least part of the injustice. The eight lines of which I have said that they occur in a second speech, are to be found in that speech, immediately following that offer to give up our claims to which I have above referred, and indeed are actually dependent for their sense on their intimate connection with that proposal; yet the proposal itself you have wholly omitted. It reads as follows:

"Does the voice of the people—that voice which has been called the voice of God—does that voice indeed call out to us, throughout the land, "Go back!" If this be true, if this warning voice does indeed so call to us, let us obey it. Let us go back. Let us repent in sackcloth and ashes. If we do not altogether give up our ten millions scheme, let us, at least, prune it, cut it down, lop off the Central Canal at White river, the Wabash and Erie Canal at Tippecanoe, and so on. Are you prepared to make these curtailments—to *cut down the plan, say to five millions?* If you are, I, for one, *will rest satisfied without an additional dollar*; satisfied, at least, to have taken from the shoulders of my constituents, one half the burden they are now called upon, unbenefitted, to bear."

And then I went on to say, as you have quoted, that I did not believe the voice of the people was for going back, but that their feeling was: "Since you have began, go on and prosper." This was, unfortunately, but too true. The people had become infected with the infatuation of the day. The popular vote elected Wallace, the system candidate, over Dumont, the advocate of classification. The facts and figures, to which others of the opposition party as well as myself, invited their attention, were disbelieved or disregarded; our warnings availed nothing. Clearer views came too late; and before we succeeded in locking the stable, the best horses were stolen therefrom.

I pray you here to observe, that I am laying no claim to especial merit for my opposition to this system, however confident I am, that classification reform would have saved from reproach and temporary insolvency our State. I resided in a county not immediately benefitted by that system, and therefore, to some extent, out of the blinding atmosphere. If any merit I have, it is, that I may have examined with more strictness and industry, perhaps, than some of my colleagues, the statistical details which disclosed our actual condition; and may thus have been enabled to predict, in what then seemed the tone of an extravagant alarmist, but is now acknowledged to be the voice of sober reality, the embarrassments that have since overtaken our State.

I beg you also to remark, that, in the communication to which the Sun's paragraph alluded, I scrupulously abstained, not only from making personal, but even party capital; and this I did, lest, in that case, the suggestions therein contained might by some be viewed through a distorted medium. Yet you cannot be ignorant, that there was material in abundance at my command, for such purpose. You must know well, that, during the entire period through which the Internal Improvement mania prevailed, our State Government, through all its departments, was Whig; that three-fourths, at the very least, of all the leading supporters of "the system, the whole system and nothing but the system" were Whigs; that every member but two, of the Board of Internal Improvement, were Whigs; and that every member, without a single exception, of the Board of Fund Commissioners (through whose extreme imprudence the State lost three millions of dollars) were Whigs. You cannot imagine, that I had either forgotten or overlooked such facts as these. And your political experience must convince you, that one half that evidence is sufficient, at any time, to fasten on a dominant party the responsibility of a particular policy, no matter whether, in all votes on the details of that policy, the party lines have been drawn with uniform strictness or not.

But it was not as a party man, it was as a citizen of Indiana, that I desired to speak of her debt and her conduct, and the means of restoring her credit. It seems to me of far less importance to decide, who brought her into her difficulties, than to determine, how she shall get out of them.

That party and those men who shall cheerfully bestir themselves to bring about her honorable extrication, under some plan that shall not badly burden her citizens, will merit and receive the confidence and gratitude of the State. And if any suggestions of mine, now or hereafter, may chance to contribute, how remotely soever, towards an object so vitally important, it will be to me a subject of lasting gratification.

I am, Sir,
Your fellow citizen,
ROBERT DALE OWEN.

MURDER.—On the evening of the 23d of April, at St. Louis, a most diabolical act was perpetrated by a man named Martin Walters, upon the person of Mrs. Riley, a wife of a pedlar and neighbor to Walters, whereby an unoffending female was deprived almost instantly of life. It seems that Walters was intoxicated, and for some slight cause sought a quarrel with the deceased. From words he soon proceeded to blows, and wound up by hurling his victims from a balcony to the pavement below, by which fall her neck was broken and her body shockingly mangled. What makes the matter worse is, that the poor woman was in a delicate state of health. Walters was arrested.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

LECTURE VI.

On Mr. Caudle's Shirt Buttons.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning! There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest! No, I won't let you rest! It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You didn't swear! Ha, Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wern't you! Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at! I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then!

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you will laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after you buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say! Nobody ever knew so much of me! That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue! Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men! But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then! Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh! No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring! Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Uh no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all. It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my house! Ha! Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn,t treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A CAT.—On the closing of navigation of the Canal late last fall, a number of frame sacking-bottoms belonging to a canal boat were stored in the storehouse of S. B. Kendrick, in the rear of our office. On the opening of navigation about a week since, when the articles were about to be removed, a cat was discovered confined among them, alive, although emaciated to a skeleton,—there being scarcely anything left of her more than the skin and bones. When or how she came there is not known. The sackings being stowed snugly with their frames compact, left but a small space between each canvass; but between two of them she was found. She had endeavored to tear her way out from her prison without success, though she had made an opening through several of the bottoms. When first discovered she was scarce able to stand or walk. For upwards of four months she must have existed without food or nourishment of any kind, other than the shreds of canvass which she had torn in her efforts to escape, or to sustain life. A more remarkable length of abstinence from food and still holding on of life, we have never heard of by this part of the animal kingdom. It is said a cat has nine lives! If this is so, in this case, our puss must have put to the test her full quota, in surviving such a length of time, and baffling in the end the lingering death of starvation. —*Port Byron Herald, Tuesday.*

From the London Punch.

John Polk was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favorite dog, named Texas, the circumstances of the case Don Bernardo Murphy stated to be these:—some months since, John Polk, sold his Excellency the dog, (a very large animal, spotted black and white, that used to run under his carriage,) subsequently a fellow named Houston, a countryman of Polk's, who had been in his Excellency's service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with Chevalier Bunsen. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was arguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

Policeman, X 21, said—Please your wopship, there has been more picking of pockets round that 'ere psalm-singing man, than in any part of the fair.

Mr. Aberdeen—Silence, Policeman. What has that to do with the complaint!

The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, "I instantly recognized my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge of a policeman."

"Scoundrel!" the prisoner cried, (a very sanctimonious looking fellow, who held the dog in his arms) "Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names! Are we men! Are we brethren! Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not! I come from a country, the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctualist, on this airth, I do."

Mr. Aberdeen, (with a profound bow,)—You are an American, I suppose!

Polk—I thank a gracious massy I am! I can appeal to every thing that is holy, and, laying my hand upon my heart, declare I ain an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant's dog. The dog is my dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

Don Bernardo Murphy, very much agitated, here cried out—How yours! I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.

Polk—You did. It's as true as I'm a free born man.

Don Bernardo—A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my services and steals the dog.

Polk—A blesseder truth you never told.

Don Bernardo—And I find the animal now again in your possession.

Polk (cudding the dog)—Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas, it like to come back to its old master, it did!

Don Bernardo (in a fury)—I ask your worship, isn't this too monstrous!

Mr. Aberdeen—Your Excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard Mr. Polk's defence. In a British court, justice must be shown, and no favor.

Polk—I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of natur—its wicked to fly against a lor of natur. If I sold the dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me—am I to blame! It's monstrous, heinous, regiar blasphemy to say so.

Mr. Aberdeen appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

Polk (continued)—I didn't steal the animal. Steal! a man of my character to be called a thief! I annexed him—that's all. Besides, what jurisdiction has this here court! what authority has any court on airth in a question pure American! My bargain with Don Bernardo Murphy took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles away herefrom.

Mr. Aberdeen—In that case I really must dismiss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion Mr. Polk, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into questions of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think) entitles your bargains. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and I wish you both a very good morning.

Mr. Polk then left the office whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at Don Bernardo Murphy, who slunk away in a cab. He had not been gone an hour when Policeman X 21, came into the office and said—"Please your worship, the Yankee annexed your Worhip's walking stick in the passage."

Mr. Aberdeen (sternly)—Mind your own business, fellow, Mr. Polk is perfectly welcome to the stick.

Presently another member of the force, O'Regan by name, entered and swore the incorrigible Polk had stolen his beaver hat.

Mr. Aberdeen (good humordly)—Well, well, I dare say the hat wasn't worth twopence halfpenny; and it's better to lose it than to squabble about it at law.

O'Regan left the Court grumbling, and said it wasn't so in Temple's time.

THE TROGLODYTES.—The Paris Globe states that during the course of lectures on Natural History, delivered by M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, the lecturer presented to his auditors several individuals, (not living) of the Phitesian race, known by the name of Troglodytes. If we consider the organization of these beings, their form, their facial angle, the disposition of their eyes, we cannot but be struck by their resemblance with the human face. The Troglodytes, as their name indicates, in fact, live in caverns in the forests of Nigritia, or in huts covered with leaves. The negroes call them "men of the woods." They are classed by scientific men amongst the monkey tribe. To see them it might be doubted whether they are not negroes reduced to the state of brutes, or whether negroes are not themselves Troglodytes of a superior race.

"POOR, BUT HONEST."—The newspapers and other equally great authorities, make use of this phrase in biographical notices, "he was born of *poor* but *honest* parents!" Poor, *but* honest; that is to infer that the parents ought to have been dishonest because they were poor; but that in the particular case, they were honest, spite of their poverty. This common phrase is an insult to the condition of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and an indignity to human nature. There might be, considering the manner in which many fortunes are acquired, some little shade of meaning in saying of the heir of fortune, "he was born of *rich* but *honest* parents!" but the "poor but honest" phrase is atrocious. Let it be reformed altogether.—*Phil. Ledger.*

OLD HORSES.—The *Spirit of the Times*, says, that there is a very spirited and handsome roadster in this city that is forty-three years old; that Mr. Wincoop of Catskill, has three horses with which he does the work upon his farm, whose respective ages are thirty-six, thirty-eight and forty, making in the aggregate one hundred and fourteen years; and that our best trotters have performed their greatest achievements after their attaining the age of fourteen.

AROMATIC BEER.—Take 20 drops of the oil of spruce, 20 do. wintergreen, 20 do sassafras. Pour 2 quarts of boiling water upon the oils, then add 8 qts. of cold water, 1½ pints of yeast. Let it stand two hours, and then bottle.

"The world is governed too much."

PLAYING PO(L)KER.—A very amusing sketch of a great game of Po(l)ker, which is now being played by several distinguished personages, the stakes being enormous, is given in the New York Mirror. The Mirror says:—

The players are John Bull and Jonathan. A mutual friend of the parties, one Mr. John Crappeau was invited to be present and witness the game. The first hand, Jonathan raked down the tin. The deal was with Bull. Jonathan got a(ss)ces and tens. Bull—Queen and knaves. The brags were enormous. The game was proceeding with perfect coolness and harmony. Mr. Crappeau requested Bull to step with him for a moment to the lower end of the room, where the following colloquy ensued.

Crappeau.—"That fellow is stealing the stakes, Sir."

Bull.—[Looking half grave, half droll.] "Mr. Crappeau, are you serious?"

Crappeau.—"Serious!" I saw him! saw him with my own eyes! He took a Mexican doubloon when you stopped to tie up your 'budget.'"

Bull.—"You saw him?"

Crappeau.—'Distinctly."

Bull.—"So did I."

Crappeau.—"And Monsieur was not in a passion!"

Bull.—[Looking fierce,] "Crappeau! between ourselves—no gammon *if you please.*"

Crappeau.—"Gammon!"

Bull.—"Yes, sir, gammon. You and I are not chickens, Crappeau. The world knows *that*, I reckon. We, too, I think, have begged a trifle before now in the way you call 'stealing.'"

Crappeau.—"Monsieur is facetious."

Bull.—[Savage,] "Crappeau, who assented to that triangular game upon Poland! Who has placed a belt round the Globe! Who was it that—"

Crappeau.—[Interrupting.] "A belt, monsieur!"

Bull.—"Yes, sir! A belt of colonies—a chain of dependent Empires on which the sun never sets!" [looking grand.]

Crappeau.—"Ah: I see! Monsieur is rich. Monsieur can afford to lose the gold. Monsieur is one grand amiable temper."

Bull.—"I thank my honesty and my religious education! I *am* rich. The gold is nothing. The point, Mr. Crappeau, is caste. If we lose that, we lose all, Crappeau."

Crappeau.—"Monsieur," [bowing!]

Bull.—"You will do me a favor?"

Crappeau.—"I shall be too happy," [bowing.]

Bull.—"That fellow, [looking towards Jonathan] is a greenhorn."

Crappeau.—[Bowing and smiling.]

Bull.—"He has thrown the gauntlet at me! to *me!* Yes, sir, he has challenged me to a game about which he knows nothing, and about which I know everything. Mr. Crappeau will oblige me by keeping the tallies. In your queer phrase, Monsieur, he has 'stolen' a doubloon. Good—he will take another—and another—good."

Crappeau.—"Monsieur will leave the"—

Bull, [a little impatient.]—Mr. Crappeau! you will be pleased to note each piece taken. And now, sir, [slapping him on the shoulder,] I will bet you the rock of Gibraltar against a pair of gloves, that for every single doubloon that fellow 'steals,' I will steal five to his one."

Crappeau.—"Monsieur is one exceedingly droll and amiable"—[they adjourn to the table.]

FEMALE COSTUME IN LIMA.—"The eye will be arrested by the many females stepping along with measured and majestic tread, habited in the celebrated saya-y-manto. Although its description has engaged many pens, to prevent the trouble of reference, I will attempt to give an idea of it. The saya is an elastic silk petticoat, stitched in very narrow plaits upon a foundation of calico: this petticoat is generally of black, but sometimes of blue or brown silk; it embraces the waist closely, and falls loosely to the feet; the manto is a black hood, which passing from beneath the band of the petticoat, is drawn up over the shoulders and head, covering all the upper part of the person, except the eye; one hand is engaged beneath the manto, holding it across the face, while the other, particularly if it is handsome, or has a rich jewel on it, may be allowed to steal through a narrow opening in the manto, and through this same opening falls the fringed or embroidered ends of a rich and bright-colored silken shawl. The 'saya' never falls so low as to conceal the satin shoe and silk stockings which every Limenian female wears, or more than poor she must be who does not. Attracted by an ankle neatly covered with a new-looking glossy silk stocking, the observer will be somewhat surprised upon raising his eye to the figure above, to see a negro or Indian market girl, or else a person in a shabby and tattered saya-y-manto. Habited in this costume, the lady is thoroughly disguised from all—father, husband, or brother—and the feeling of immunity from discovery gives a daring boldness to the one eye fixed in searching brilliancy upon the passer-by, and leaves him in most annoying perplexity whether it is the familiar recognition of some acquaintance, or the impudence of an impenetrable disguise. The first feeling is that every eye, looking thus familiarly, must belong to some one well known to us. The saya-y-manto, when first seen, makes the impression of an attractive and picturesque costume, but one soon wearies of its universal sameness, and sighs for the variety and display of taste permitted in our female dress, to say nothing of the honest exposure of bright and beautiful faces.

"I had this forcibly illustrated one evening in walking upon one of the fashionable Almedas or public walks. I had passed 'Tapada' after 'Tapada,' as these mysteriously disguised ladies are called, stepping majestically along, when just before me I saw a lady in European costume, wearing a rich maroon velvet bonnet, and with her were two handsome and elegantly dressed, merry little girls, whom she regarded with the proud joy of a fond mother. I then saw and felt the contrast between the European and Limenian female costume; the effect upon morality of the latter is self-evident.

A WIFE.—Our friend Weld, of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, in the course of a touching written article in relation to the death of Mrs. WILLIS, says she was the companion of her husband's literary labors as, well as of his domestic hours. "When application rendered his eyes dim, or his hand weary, she was his amanuensis, writing down the beautiful and delicate images, many of which she had indirectly, if not directly suggested. When absent she was his regular—*daily correspondent.* Losing her is more than half his life—more than minds less delicately sensitive than his can imagine. May a kind Providence alleviate him under the present loss, by the hope of a future meeting.

AN ANCIENT COUPLE.—A gentleman named Ford and his wife, are now living in Woodford county, Ky. who have lived together 61 years. Mr. Ford was about 19 years old when married, and Mrs. Ford about 17 years old. They were both well and hearty.

COST OF FLOGGING A CLERGYMAN.—The trial of Ferdinand Kennett, Esq., for an assault upon the Rev. John M. Linn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was concluded at St. Louis on the 21st ult. The jury brought in a verdict of $25 damages.